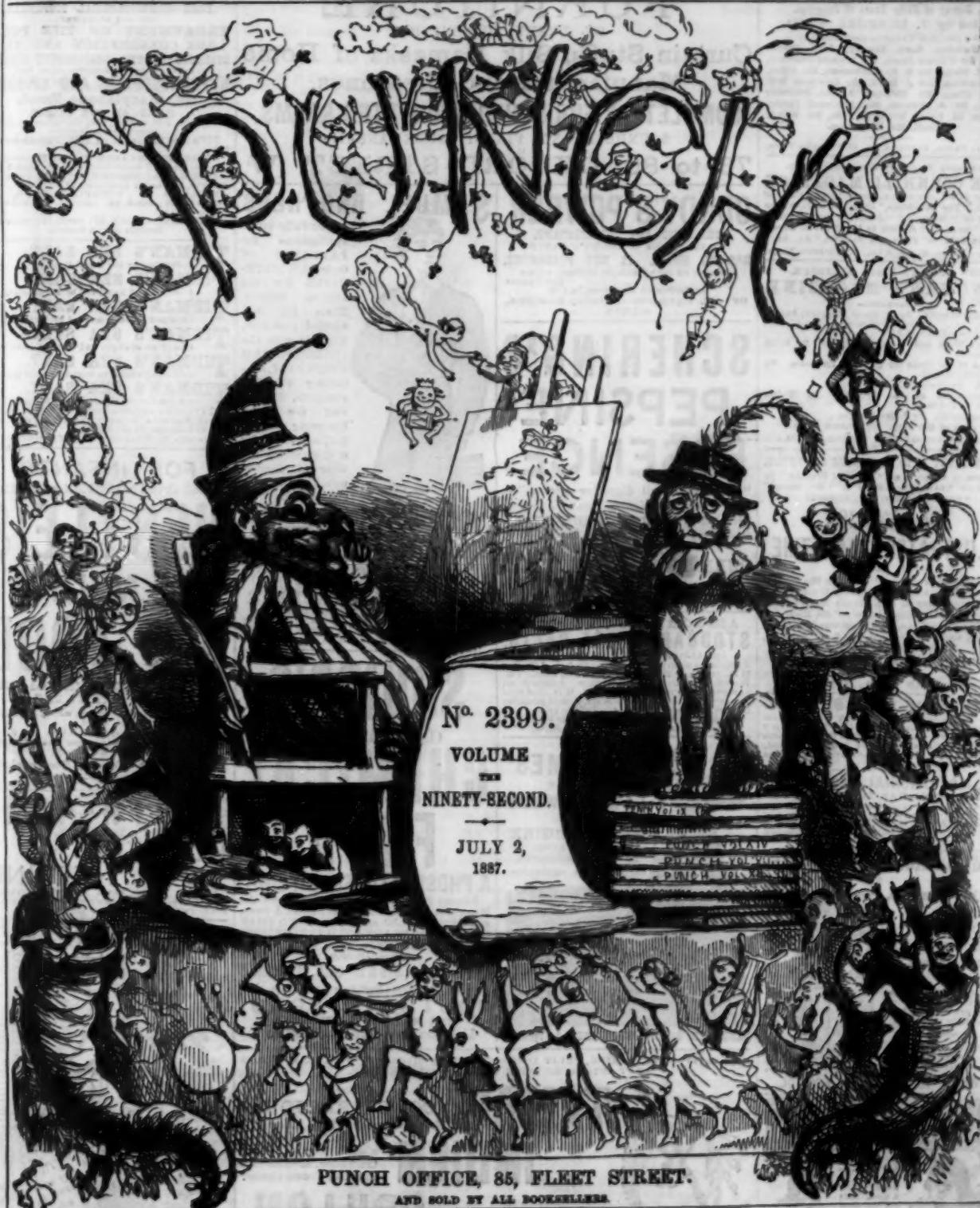


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JOHN LEECH'S PICTURES. Volume 2. 10/6



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AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

CHOCOLAT MENIER FOR BREAKFAST.

ROBERT AT THE PERSESSHUN.

I HAVE often remarked that for downright furmness, not to say obsternacy, there's nothink to compare to a fond, loving wife, who's made up her mind to see a Royal Persesshun wen she appens to ha' got a new Bonnet! So, finding my orful pictur of the dred'full dangers of the streets on a real Jewbilly Day, as don't come worry often, treated with derision, if not contemp, I submitted at last, as I mite jest as well have dun at fust, and descended with my beloved but firm partner into the orfully sorrowed streets. I must confess as I did wenter to suggest that prape High Park mite be about the best place for a safe, tho' distant, view, but my beloved had made up her mind to git as near the Abby as posseble, and was quite surprised to find



as both sojers and perlice objekted worry strongly to our going up to the front door and waiting there quite cumferl for our Sovrein and her Princes and Princesses, and cream-cullerd ponya. So we had to push our way back jest as hard as we had before to push our way forred, but with rayther wuss tempurs; and at one part, where the sojers was worry thick, one of 'em backed his horse at the rong time, and came bump against my beloved. Fortunately the wild hannimal didn't kick, and that wunderfoul woman was quite ekal to the oceashun, for seeing sum grey-looking sojers with a plank ready to assist any one as feinted, she squealed out, tho' she wasn't hurt a bit, and frowed herself in my arms; so they carried her into the Abby for change of hair, and, strange to say, she wood not recover herself till HER MAJESTY had cum, when she opened her eyes, and saw everythink! wotch, strange to say, I didn't, as I wasn't there, but was a being pushed about by the dreful crowd, quite orful!

ROBERT.

A BLAZE OF GLORY.

THE unanimous chorus of acclamation with which the recently published announcesce of Jubilee Honours has been greeted by the general public has inspired "those in authority," to make some still further additions to it on the same lines, and the following names will probably be submitted to HER MAJESTY for her approval:

To be raised to the Peerage.—Mr. SMITH, Mr. BROWN, Mr. JONES, Mr. ROBINSON.

To be Members of Her Majesty's most Honourable Privy Council.—Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS, Mr. W. HOLLAND, the Author, Singer, and Composer of "Oh, what a Surprise!"

To be made Baronets.—Mr. SWAN, Mr. EDGAR, Mr. HOWELL, Mr. JAMES, Mr. CHESSE, Mr. BLACKWELL, Mr. SPIDERS, Mr. FOND.

To be Honorary Knight Grand Cross of the Most Honourable Order of the Hot Bath.—BUFFALO BILL, Mr. D'OTLY CARTE, Mr. BIGGAR.

To receive the honour of Knighthood.—Mr. ENO, Mr. BEACHAM, Mr. COCKLE, the Proprietor of Hop Bitters, Mr. KATING, Mr. PEARS.

BIT OT HONUR.

ETON NOTES.

SPLENDID sight. Guard of "2nd Bucks" all "1st Swells." Rector of Upton-cum-Chaffey read a comic address. At every joke, roars of artillery. The Eton Boys lighted up torchers, and executed figures. The figures were unhurt. The QUEEN suffered torchers in the Home Park. In spite of this, the celebration of the Day After The Fair was a great success. "Yes, it Warre." Inclosed is the real Jubilee Ode, only rejected because it came late:

Jubilee Regina,
Salve! Etonenses,
Salve! Caneta Formae
Sexta (Salve!) ad primam
Te salutant forte,
Jubilee Regina!
Iterum canemus,
Pueri loyales,
Iterum vocantes,
Jubilem Reginam
Pueri Etonenses,
To nos spellamus.

Salve! Salve! Salve!
Jubilee Regina!
Una voce chorum
Fortiter canamus.
Salve! Salve! Salve!
Jubilee Regina!
Ibimus domum
Non nos dum videtur
Splendida et Aurora.
Jubilee Regina!
Iterum canemus,
Jubilee Regina!

Ego TOMMY scripsi, and I don't know why it wan't sung. Id erat justum ut bonum ut illud alteri chappi. Salve!

ECHOES FROM THE JUBILEE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—It is not very likely that we shall have another Jubilee for some little while; still, as it is always as well to be ready for any eventuality, I send you a few notes that may be of service to Londoners during the next celebration.

How to get a Seat to View the Procession.—Some people say that getting up at 5 A.M., and waiting in a brougham outside the stand in which that seat is situated, is "out and away the best mode." Many of my friends tried this method, caught severe colds, and then were so weary when the moment arrived for the *cortege* to pass, that they slumbered the sleep of the just. Mine was a far simpler process, and had the advantage of being perfectly successful. I did not worry myself to secure a voucher, but merely waited outside a jealously guarded public office until the cheering of the multitude distracted the attention of the messengers set to watch the approaches. As I anticipated, in a moment of extreme excitement the guardians turned their heads to see what they could see. It was then that I seized my opportunity, and, walking in as if the place belonged to me, selected the best stand, mounted into it, and cheered while my voice lasted. After this I was a little hoarse, and consequently got back home without fatigue.

How to Illuminate cheaply and effectively.—Chinese lanterns are all very well in their way, and so are Fairy lamps, but the first are apt to "catch" in a high wind, the second to topple over, and both cost money. A great deal may be done with a ream of tissue-paper, and a seven-pence halfpenny worth of chamber candles. Cut out some loyal sentiment on the paper, place a light behind it, and there you are. If by any chance your house should burst into flames, you ought to make a good deal out of your insurance. Of course you will have taken the precaution to be on the right side with the insurance people. Another method is to burn down your neighbours' houses, but this is not so profitable as burning down your own, although it gives just as much pleasure and costs infinitely less trouble.

How to Entertain Country Cousins.—Write to say you will be only too delighted to see them, and arrange to secure good places for them for the ceremonial. Having done this, engage the largest room in the best hotel on the line of route, and meet them there on their arrival, spend the day with them, and delicately leave before the waiter appears with the bill for the expences. You should not do this with a very rich uncle (from whom you have expectations) unless you are quite sure of his temper.

How to Keep your Health during the Jubilee.—Leave town until it is all over.

Believe me, dear Mr. Punch, always at your service,

A WITNESS OF THE TRUTH.

AFTER the experience of the 21st of June, the Metropolitan Constables may be safely Warrented.

"HOSPITAL SUNDAY."—Order of the Day, "Present Alms!"



PUNCH TO THE PEELERS.

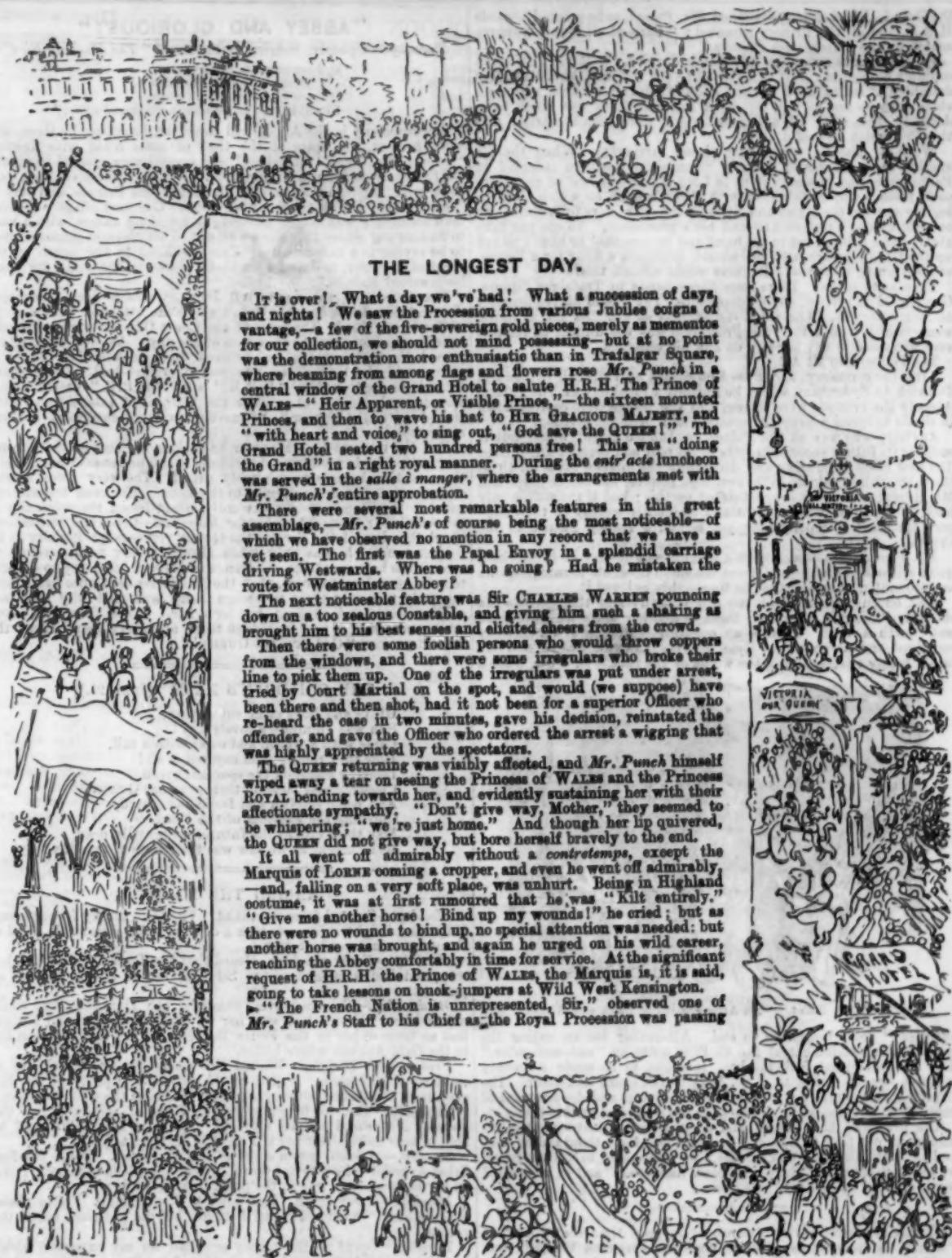


ALL honour to your management, my WARREN
 All honour to the Force you feathily led !
 And that honour, *Punch* opines, should not be barren
 (May he hear hereafter more upon that head).
 'Midst the Jubilee's joyous pageantry and pother,
 (Though 'tis common of our Bobbies to make fun)
 "Taking one consideration with another,"
 The Police-men's work was excellently done.

Mr. Punch from post of vantage proudly viewed them ;
 They combined unshrinking toil with ready tact,
 Whilst the sultry summer sunshine broiled and stewed them,
 Showing judgment when to act or not to act.
 Their thin blue line kept order ; firm yet kindly,
 They stood with faces flushed, but pulses cool,
 Whilst the multitude around them crowded blindly,
 True type of a free people's civic rule !

By Jingo, how they worked amidst the jostle
 With steady backs and ever ready hands !
 When the whistle sounded, mellow as a thrush,
 How they helped the Ambulance's helpful hands !
 Fainting woman, shrieking girl, or panting 'ARRY,
 All with equal care and courtesy they served,
 With ready arm to cover or to carry
 From the press where the packed people swayed and swerved.

How many lives and limbs they saved, those Peelers,
 And the Ambulance with which they worked so well,
 Unless the rescued all should turn revealers,
 No record will declare, no story tell.
 But *Mr. Punch*'s vigilant observation
 Marked their hard toil amidst the mob's wild fun,
 And, filled with genuine pride and admiration,
 He publicly awards his warm " Well done ! "



JUBILEE PROCESSION BY OUR JUVENILE IMPRESSIONIST. A "GRAND" SITE.

It is over! What a day we've had! What a succession of days, and nights! We saw the Procession from various Jubilee vantages,—a few of the five sovereign gold pieces, merely as mementos for our collection, we should not mind possessing—but at no point was the demonstration more enthusiastic than in Trafalgar Square, where beaming from among flags and flowers rose *Mr. Punch* in a central window of the Grand Hotel to salute H.R.H. The Prince of WALES—"Heir Apparent, or Viable Prince,"—the sixteen mounted Princes, and then to wave his hat to HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY, and "with heart and voice," to sing out, "God save the QUEEN!" The Grand Hotel seated two hundred persons free! This was "doing the Grand" in a right royal manner. During the *entr'acte* luncheon was served in the *salle à manger*, where the arrangements met with *Mr. Punch's* entire approbation.

There were several most remarkable features in this great assemblage.—*Mr. Punch's* of course being the most noticeable—of which we have observed no mention in any record that we have as yet seen. The first was the Papal Envoy in a splendid carriage driving Westwards. Where was he going? Had he mistaken the route for Westminster Abbey?

The next noticeable feature was Sir CHARLES WARREN pouncing down on a too zealous Constable, and giving him such a shaking as brought him to his best senses and elicited cheers from the crowd.

Then there were some foolish persons who would throw coppers from the windows, and there were some irregulars who broke their line to pick them up. One of the irregulars was put under arrest, tried by Court Martial on the spot, and would (we suppose) have been there and then shot, had it not been for a superior Officer who re-heard the case in two minutes, gave his decision, reinstated the offender, and gave the Officer who ordered the arrest a wigging that was highly appreciated by the spectators.

The QUEEN returning was visibly affected, and *Mr. Punch* himself wiped away a tear on seeing the Princesses of WALES and the Princess ROYAL bending towards her, and evidently sustaining her with their affectionate sympathy. "Don't give way, Mother," they seemed to be whispering; "we're just home." And though her lip quivered, the QUEEN did not give way, but bore herself bravely to the end.

It all went off admirably without a *contretemps*, except the Marquis of LORNE coming a cropper, and even he went off admirably,—and, falling on a very soft place, was unhurt. Being in Highland costume, it was at first rumoured that he was "Kilt entirely." "Give me another horse! Bind up my wounds!" he cried; but as there were no wounds to bind up, no special attention was needed; but another horse was brought, and again he urged on his wild career, reaching the Abbey comfortably in time for service. At the significant request of H.R.H. the Prince of WALES, the Marquis is, it is said, going to take lessons on buck-jumpers at Wild West Kensington.

"The French Nation is unrepresented, Sir," observed one of *Mr. Punch's* Staff to his Chief as the Royal Procession was passing

the Grand. "Not exactly," replied Mr. Punch, as he pointed towards H.R.H. and all the Princes mounted; "Paris at all events is represented by the *Passage des Princes*."

For impressive splendour and simple dignity, the Royal Procession couldn't be beaten. But as a Pageant—(by the way, Mrs. RAM. was delighted at seeing Lord ALFRED PAGEANT in full uniform riding all alone with no one to talk to)—as a Pageant there was much to be desired. But, after all, a Pageant would have been theatrical, and this Procession was solid.

What a mistake were those closed carriages! When there's another show we should strongly recommend the plan (adopted in Pantomimes and to some extent in Lord Mayor's Shows) of preceding each fresh lot of Notabilities with a big banner, on which shall be legibly written the styles and titles of the characters following. No one can look at a programme and see a procession. No one can take glances at a printed list in his hand and be sure that he hasn't mixed up the third carriage with the second, mistaken a King for a Prince, or gone wrong somehow. Banners would obviate this.

Then as to music. There were three bands in Trafalgar Square. One played on arrival, and on departure. The second played drearily at long intervals. The third didn't play at all. As far as music went—which wasn't far—the Procession was the dullest of its sort ever witnessed in any big city on any big occasion.

The Police were all A 1.

After the ceremony, Mr. Punch proceeded by Vauxhall Bridge and Dulwich to Sydenham, where he finished a royal day at The Palace. Already the grounds were filling, and the people were coming down in shoals to spend a happy afternoon and a brilliant evening.

Anybody who was at the Palace on Jubilee Night would augur well for its future success, in spite of all past and present difficulties. The new mode of lighting and decorating the interior gives an air of life to the Palace, which, in the evenings, it never has before possessed. Mr. RUSSELL is to be congratulated on this; and if the public only back up the show, which is just now eminently worthy of their support, the C. P. Company may yet behold a Happy Future in the Crystal.

Mr. Punch witnessed Brock's magnificent display of fireworks—quite a Brooken night—and from the smile upon his countenance we are warranted in saying that he thoroughly enjoyed it.

Also, on our own account, we can honestly add that besides the startling "Niagara of Fire," there is another show which is alone well worth a visit. This is an open-air ballet, most ingeniously contrived and arranged by Mme. KATTIE LAWRENCE, full of marvelously pretty effects, and in the words of the poet it is, "Oh, what a



Crystal Palace Ballet. "An Arrangement in Black and White."

surprise!" from beginning to end. Altogether for an outing the combined entertainment at the C. P. is quite an "out-and-outer." The Rhododendrons look lovely. It ought to be made a twenty minutes run by rail with L. C. & D. trains every half-hour. The Crystal Palace ought not to be allowed to droop and die for want of support, as any one will say who says it a visit just at this time.

The fireworks had banged and popped for the last time, the gas was going out fast, so were the people, about forty thousand of 'em, and as "mid pleasures and palaces," we had ceased to wish to roam, we began to consider "there's no place like home," and so homeward went, and the Jubilee Day was over.

THE daily papers having announced in good time that June 21st "would be observed as a Collar Day," Sir CHARLES WARREN was enabled to provide an efficient staff of plain-clothes men for the occasion. It is remarkable, from the Police Reports of Wednesday, how very few were actually collared.

"ABBEY AND GLORIOUS!"

Tuesday.—Up early. Singing to the tune of "*The Mocking Bird*"—

"O, I am going to the Abbey,

To the Abbey, to the Abbey!

If there I don't see Mr. LANTRY,

I shall know that he must have stayed away."

The ceremony in the Abbey will never be forgotten by those who were present. In spite of the tiers of seats filled with fighting "everybodies" and "nobodies," and several very comical incidents, the function was intensely impressive. The Court officials did not seem to be well "up" in the names of the Kings and Princes, and had to "sort" them before apportioning seats. One very officious gentleman seemingly was asking Sovereigns for their names, with a view to finding out where they should be put. This pleasant person seemed to be saying to a subordinate, "Pass one King to the bench on the right of the altar, and find a couple of places in the stalls for these be-jewelled Nabobs."

The Queen of the SANDWICH ISLANDS was a decided success. But—*Abbey Thought*—why didn't she come attended with a corps of Sandwich Men? The bows of the Court Officials were a welcome relief to the more serious functions of the day. As each "Royalty" passed, the Gentlemen in embroidered coats ducked their heads as if to avoid the blow of an unexpected cricket-ball. These sharp little nods continued as "H.R.H." after "H.R.H." passed along, stopping only a moment to allow the Marquis of LORENE (recovering from his "nasty cropper") to move on without clockwork-bobbing recognition.

But the moment HER MAJESTY had taken her seat on the Throne, surrounded by her sons and daughters, in the presence of her People, the situation became unspeakably grand. The very place, so full of memories, added its dignity to the scene. Not even the strange robes of the Clergy, worn awkwardly, could lessen the solemnity of the occasion. *Abbey Thoughts for Ritualists*—Copes and Dalmatics! Until the close of the Service the QUEEN represented Royalty in its noblest sense. It was only when HER MAJESTY turned round to receive the homage of her children, and insisted, contrary to all precedent, upon kissing them, that the People realised once again how intensely womanly their Sovereign Lady was, and why they not only respected and admired, but loved her. It was then that many eyes were dimmed with unbidden tears, and every heart echoed the earnest prayer, "God save the QUEEN!"

THE CHILDREN'S FÊTE. (JUNE 22.)

GIRLS and Boys came out to play,

Sun was shining—a lovely day!

Came with a whoop and came with a call,

How they romped and enjoyed it all!

Dancing about on the spacious green,

Cheering and blessing their gracious QUEEN,

And when the fun and frolic had ceased,

Cheering the Founder of the Feast.

May their fate in the future, we heartily pray,

Be as bright as we saw was their Fête of this day!

RACING THE BOATS.

Monday.—Started from Southend. Plenty of money for expenses. Magnificent sight. *Genesta* took a decided lead. Granville Hotel at Ramsgate could not be better.

Tuesday.—Nasty sea-fog. Heard that the *Dauntless* had lost her way, and had wandered up the Seine as far as Paris. Started in pursuit.

Wednesday.—Searched everywhere for the *Dauntless*, but could not find her. No one had seen her on the Boulevards, and I could find no trace of her in the Folies Bergères. They had not seen her in the Café Anglais where I dine.

Friday.—At Dieppe. Waited the whole day on the chance of sighting the *Genesta*. Failed in the attempt. Could not see her even from the Casino, although I was on the alert the whole evening.

Saturday.—Got to Brighton in the hope of coming across the *Dauntless*. *Atlantis*, I believe, all right. Some one fancied I should be able to hear more about her if I went to Littlehampton.

Sunday.—*Atlantis* not in sight at Littlehampton. Dense sea-fog. Tried Arundel—she was not there. Spent the whole afternoon lying on my back under a tree in the park, looking for her.

Monday.—Away again. Ran down to Scarborough. Pretty place. Nice bathing. Swam out some distance, but did not come across the yachts.

Tuesday.—Spent all the money provided for my expenses, which have been considerable. Coming back to town in a dense fog. Shall get a fresh supply of cash, and then continue my journey after the race with increased determination. [No, you don't.—ED.]

THE WEEK.

THE Foreign Office a marvellous sight with all the ladies' costumes, uniforms naval and military, all the pretty Ladies, and the Cardinals and purple Monsignori. The Austro-Hungarian Ball, at the Metropole, also a splendid sight. But everywhere was a splendid sight; and what with illuminations and jubilees,

A little lamp here,
A little lamp there,
Here a lamp and there
a lamp,
And everywhere a lamp,

it was what the late lamented Captain Crosstree used to call "quite confounding." And what weather! The Head Clerk of this department, in nubibus, must be congratulated on his meteorological arrangements. No "depression" anywhere.

WELL-EARNED REPOSE.



*Lord L-th-m. "MY LAST SOVEREIGN GONE
Now I WANT A LITTLE CHANGE."
[Goes to bed for a fortnight]*

THE EGYPTIAN PUZZLE.

Official Revelations extracted from a forthcoming Blue Book.

TELEGRAM I.

Lord Salisbury, Foreign Office, London, to Sir William White, Constantinople.

COME, bustle up! Can't think why you keep us waiting so long. Awkward questions asked in both Houses every night. Send us at least something to go on upon. Why isn't Convention signed? If any palace intrigue stops the way, force yourself into SULTAN's presence. Bother etiquette. Threaten him. Frighten him. Make him understand we won't stand any more humbug. Wire reply at once.

TELEGRAM II.

Sir William White, Constantinople, to Lord Salisbury, Foreign Office, London.

Telegram to hand. Situation perplexing. At my wits' end. Am celebrating Jubilee nicely. Please be patient. Letter on way will explain.

LETTER I. (with Inclosures.)

*British Embassy, Constantinople,
June 23rd, 1887.*

MY DEAR LORD SALISBURY,

I NEED not say that immediately on receipt of your telegram I did my very best to carry out its instructions without further delay. It reached me when I was busily employed trimming some oil-lamps for our Jubilee celebration here, which promises, I am glad to say, to be a very successful affair; but I at once abandoned my occupation, changed my coat, put on my best hat, and hurried off to the palace. On presenting my card I was, as I expected, at once declined admittance. However, the tone of your telegram, hinting, as it did, that I should have the support of Her Majesty's Government if I found myself compelled by untoward circumstances to have recourse to unusual measures, inspired me with the happy idea of tripping up the sentry on duty, and making a dash for the grand marble staircase, which mounting five steps at a time, I was enabled to reach the long series of antechambers that lead to the SULTAN's private *sacrum*. These were filled with high Court officials, who were too much taken aback by my sudden appearance to bar my progress, and so, by knocking over a few who did, and bonneting a Grand Vizier, who stood immediately in my way, with a Union Jack pocket-handkerchief (a portion of our Jubilee decorations) that I had purposely brought with me in case of need to emphasize my nationality, I made a bound at the curtained entrance, and after a slight scuffle that can not have lasted more than a quarter of an hour, found myself at

length in the presence of His Majesty. He was sipping a cup of cold coffee, and was seated huddled up on an ottoman, in his dressing-gown and slippers, and as I slid into the room and produced the "Convention" from my pocket, I noticed that he visibly turned pale, and returned my official salutation with an uneasy smile.

"If it is for me to sign that paper that you have come," he commenced nervously in bad French, "I cannot do it. It is not possible."

"I'm very sorry, your Majesty," was my prompt reply, "but I've had my orders from my Government, and they are, that I'm not to leave this room till the thing is settled. So there; make up your mind to it, for you'll have to do it."

I dipped a pen in ink as I spoke, and courteously approached him with a winning grimace.

"I tell you, I cannot," was his plaintive reply. "I dare not. See, what I have just received from the Russian and the Frenchman. Read for yourself."

I took a couple of despatches from a table-drawer as he spoke, and burst into tears; then apparently overcome by his emotion, he made a bound past me, and before I could stop him fled from the room. I halloo'd after him, but he had got a good start down the next two corridors, and, as chase was useless, I let him go. I then turned to the two documents. I make no comment on them, but enclose them herewith for your inspection. Need I add that after reading them, I saw nothing for it but to return the unsigned Convention to my pocket, and get back to the Embassy as quickly as possible to continue our preparations for the celebration of the Jubilee, which I am sure it will gratify you to hear was a remarkable success. The Fireworks were a great hit. I have just let off the last rocket. Waiting your further instructions, I am, my dear Lord SALISBURY,

Faithfully Yours, WILLIAM WHITE.

ENCLOSURE A. (Translation.)

SIRE,—I am instructed by my Government to inform you that, if you put your hand to the document prepared for your signature by perfidious Albion, the whole grand French Nation will consider that you have meditated to insult it through Egypt, and will regard your action as a direct *casus belli*. I need not, therefore, point out to you the necessity under which you lie of altogether ignoring Sir WOLFF's infamous and corrupt document.

Assuring you of my distinguished consideration,

I am, Sir, Yours with all spontaneity,

DUC DE MONTEBELLO.

ENCLOSURE B. (Translation.)

M. DE NELIDOFF presents his compliments to His Majesty the SULTAN, and begs to inform him that he has received instructions from his August Master to notify to His Majesty that he declines to allow him to sign the so-called "Convention" recently arranged with England. M. DE NELIDOFF has further to add that, as disobedience to this command will involve the immediate despatch of 500,000 troops to Constantinople, together with all the undesirable consequences that would naturally result from such a step, he trusts that the SULTAN will see the necessity of giving orders that, if the British Ambassador presents himself at the Palace, he may be summarily kicked out.

TELEGRAM III.

From Lord Salisbury, Foreign Office, London, to Sir William White, Constantinople, June 25th.

Your letter with enclosures received. Nonsense! Stuff! He must sign. Go at him again. Don't let him alone till he has done it. Follow him up. Shall expect to hear from you within twenty-four hours that the thing is settled.

AFTER THE JUBILEE.

(Nursery Rhyme.)

"The Coronation Chair, perhaps to most Englishmen the most precious of all the precious relics in the Abbey, was handed over to some barbarian to be smartened up, and he has daubed it the orthodox Wardour Street brown, and varnished it." — *Athenaeum*, June 25.

Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat,
Where have you been?
I to the Abbey went
To see the QUEEN.

Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat,
What did you there?
Sneezed, smelling varnish
Upon the old Chair.

PAID BY "COMMISSION."—Second Lieutenant DANIEL GODFREY, of the Grenadier Guards.

THE SPEAKER'S SONG.—"Bidmead Discourse." (Six quavers to the Bar.)



OUR DRAWING-ROOM PETS.

(We give the Colonies a Turn.)

KANGAROO JIM, THE CHAMPION AUSTRALIAN BOOMERANG-THROWER, IS RAPIDLY BECOMING THE IDOL OF OUR MOST EXCLUSIVE LONDON CIRCLES (TO THE INTENSE AMUSEMENT OF HIS NATIVE MELBOURNE, WHERE HE IS ONLY KNOWN TO SOCIETY IN HIS PUBLIC CAPACITY OF PROFESSIONAL STREET ACROBAT.)

N.B.—KANGAROO JIM'S ADVENTUROUS YOUTH WAS SPENT IN THE COOKABOO ISLANDS, AND HE OWNS TO HAVING FREQUENTLY PARTAKEN OF ROAST MISSIONARY THERE; INDEED HE DESCRIBES THESE BANQUETS WITH INIMITABLE GUSTO, AND SEEMS NOT A LITTLE PROUD OF HIS CULINARY SKILL.

BACK TO BUSINESS.

Leo Britannicus loquitur:—

WHOOP! Well, I am glad it's all over,
Well over, and over so well.
It was worth while abandoning "clover"
For Trafalgar Square or Pall Mall.
By thunder, I hadn't a notion
How youthful I was, and how green,
Till I thrilled with contagious emotion
To "God Save the Queen!"

A cynical coldness the vogue is,
And yet my most dandified cubs
Combined with the buffers and fogies
Who thronged the hotels and the Clubs
To crowd for the handiest places
On that the great Jubilee Day,
And yell, until red in their faces,
A British "Hooray!!!"

Let pedants make mock of the yellers,
I fancy the Jubilee shows
The town is more full of "good fellers"
Than modish omniscience knows.
Their notions nubibustic,
But this is abundantly clear,
That Britshers, urban or rustic,
Still know how to cheer.

A crowd more good-tempered and jolly
Has never stood hour after hour,

With scarcely a sun-shade or "brolly,"
Beneath a broad sun at full power.
The help those brave "Bobbies" afforded
Was noble, and free from all blame,
And if they are not fitly rewarded,
I say it's a shame.

Those Ambulance chaps, too, were splendid!
The gentle and vigilant way
In which on the crowd they attended
Was one of the sights of the day.
Bravo, Sirs! When multitudes muster,
Such help, unconstrained and unfee'd,
Prompt, kind, without red-tape or fluster,
Is service indeed.

Illuminate? Rather! My pockets
Were plumbed pretty well. What a sight,
When lanterns, and beacons and rockets
Made brilliant the Jubilee night!
Big bonfires, the lavish employment
Of fireworks, some dolts deem a bore;
With a view to the people's enjoyment,
I wish there'd been more!

However, it's over, and now, Sirs,
To business I'm going to see,
I must doff my fine Jubilee trousers,
My mane and my tail must flow free.
These frolics have been "a big order."
Which statecraft and trade did not shirk,
(E'en the *Times* flourished forth with a
But now, boys—to work!

A PRESCRIPTION.

To those who are becoming rather tired of hearing "Oh, what a Surprise!" and "Oh, the Jubilee!" we would suggest some Fresh Air. There are two Jubilee Stations—"Queenborough," whence you can reach the Continent via Holland, Flushing with delight en route. But nearer and cheaper are Westgate, Margate, and Ramsgate, the first of which (*Mr. Punch's* own seaside resort) can be reached by the jaded Londoner on Sunday morning in one hour and a half, starting from Victoria (L. C. & D. Line) at the reasonable hour of 10:30 A.M., and Holborn Viaduct 10:25, Margate in an hour and three-quarters, and Ramsgate in two hours. Lovely! No air ever composed by MOZART, HAYDN (the original of "Oh, what a Surprise!" called "Haydn's Surprise"), BEETHOVEN, MEYERBEER or LESSERDEER, or BALFE, or any other genius, can ever equal the exhilarating, recuperating air of the Isle of Thanet. *Dr. Punch's* advice is not to be neglected with impunity. Try it.

A CARD-PLAYER'S NOTE.—"Never saw such a lot of Kings! What a pack! The Herald's held the Trumps! With the Queen, the Princesses, the Prince, and the Crown Prince, Honours were easy."



AFTER THE JUBILEE.

BRITISH LION (*rather limp*). "WELL, IT HAS BEEN A SPLENDID SUCCESS!! AND NOW—A—WE MUST REALLY GET BACK TO BUSINESS!!!"

MADONNA AND MUSICA

THE MUSIC OF THE MADONNA CONCERTS AT ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, NEW YORK, ON JULY 10, 1908.

THE ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, MONDAY NIGHT, JUNE 20.—Very few here

tonight. Majority away, either trying on their new clothes for Jubilee to-morrow, or, happier still, fled away from Town till Jubilee over. PICKERSGILL heard that Publichouses to remain open till Two o'clock in morning, by way of honouring Queen's Jubilee. Wants to know if it's true? HOME SECRETARY practically admits the soft impeachment. Police been instructed not to take proceedings against Licensed Victuallers keeping open house till Two in the morning. "But," he added, in stern voice, looking for approval to Sir WILFRED LAWSON, "licensed persons have been cautioned that notwithstanding, they will be held responsible for drunkenness or disorder taking place on their premises."

WILFRED LAWSON not to be caught in net of that kind. Declared that Publicans keeping house open till Two in the morning would be liable to prosecution. More than hinted that steps would be taken to prosecute them.

Rumour current of arrangements made for night out to-morrow. WILFRED LAWSON, PICKERSGILL, ELLIS, PICTON, and SAM SMITH (in new Ulster for the occasion), made up little party to patrol the streets after midnight to-morrow. Will take note of Publichouses unlawfully open, and institute prosecutions. Quite pleasant way of spending Jubilee evening.

Bogus Petition on Coal and Wine Dues up again. Sir CHARLES FOSTER, in eloquent though inaudible speech, moved that "REGINALD BIDMEAD, having fabricated signatures to certain petitions presented to the House, has been guilty of contempt and breach of privilege." This Motion, if carried, involved imprisonment of BIDMEAD. BRADLAUGH wouldn't have thing settled that way. "BIDMEAD only a tool," he said, carefully avoiding glancing at Alderman FOWLER. "If he's sent to prison, what shall be done to those who employed him?" Enough if BIDMEAD were brought to Bar, and reprimanded.

"The question is," said SPEAKER, "that BIDMEAD 'is' course at the Bar."

After long conversation, Motion

On the prowl.

agreed to; House got into Committee of Supply, and having resolved to make it a short sitting, didn't adjourn till Two in the morning. "As bad as a Publichouse on Jubilee Day," said WILFRED LAWSON.

Business done.—Some Votes in Supply.

Thursday.—Full to-night. Every seat secured at prayer-time. No Ministerial Crisis threatening, no critical division anticipated.

Arrangements being made to bring BIDMEAD to Bar, there to be reprimanded by the SPEAKER. Members not surfeited with excitement of Tuesday, crowded in to see the fun. Preliminary skirmish between BRADLAUGH and Ex-Lord Mayor FOWLER, in which Alderman came off decidedly second best. This over, silence and attitude of strained expectation fill over-crowded benches.

"Now's your time," said GENT-DAVIS, nervously rubbing his hands. "Cry Had-dock! and let slip the dogs of War." G. D.'s knowledge of SHAKESPEARE, as CAINE says, is extensive and peculiar.



On the prowl.



Called to the Bar.

"Sergeant-at-Arms," cried SPEAKER, in tragic tones, "is REGINALD BIDMEAD in attendance?"

Sergeant-at-Arms, (leaving chair, standing at Bar). "Yes, Sir." SPEAKER, (with deeper tragedy in his voice). "Then bring him up."

House shuddered. "Bring him up!" In what depths was he held in thralldom, and in what form would the Sergeant-at-Arms bring him up? In fragments—now a leg, then a head, and anon an arm? Members began to feel uncomfortable. Glanced with alarm at SPEAKER, who sat in Chair with pale face set in sternest lines. Silence broken by approach of Sergeant-at-Arms; at his side small pale-faced man with immature whiskers fringing face of death-like pallor. Both advanced to the Bar. Sergeant-at-Arms gripped the Mace on his shoulder, ready at moment's notice to brain the offender, who trembled at his side.

"REGINALD BIDMEAD!"

It was the voice of the SPEAKER. Terrible voice, to which the knees of the prisoner at the Bar knocked in audible response.

"Very sorry, Sir, but that's me," they seemed to say.

SPEAKER proceeded, in tones of gathering solemnity, to recite brief history of the case, lapsing into exhortation, thundering into reproof, and concluding with the abrupt command, "You may quit the Bar."

"And may the Lord have mercy on your soul," was the involuntary response that fell from several Members whose feelings had been uncontrollably wrought up by the scene.

BIDMEAD did not wait for repetition of instructions. Turned to flee, when he observed that his escort was retiring backwards, making obeissance to the Chair. Quickly turned about; commenced forlorn process of ducking, which happily landed him at the open glass-door, through which he darted.

"Hard upon the poor fellow, but must keep up dignity of Parliament," said H. J. WILSON, throwing himself into attitude suitable to the sentiment. And this is how we do it.

Business done.—Dignity of Parliament maintained. Some Votes in Supply.

Friday.—House of Lords met to-day, with accustomed pomp and ceremony. LORD CHANCELLOR's stately presence adorned the Woolsack. The Mace on the Table, and so was the Purse, with, as usual, nothing in it. Seven Peers all told, majority sitting on Ministerial Benches, gave to gloomy Chamber a thronged appearance. At half-past Four, the hour of commencing public business, LORD CHANCELLOR discovered that there was no business to transact. Accordingly proposed that House should forthwith adjourn. No one objected. LORD CHANCELLOR left Woolsack, and, preceded by Mace and the Purse, marched in procession down the House, his litherous figure disappearing under the Gallery from the glances that lingeringly rested on it.

House of Commons little more fully occupied. But they, too, had cessation from incessant labour. Pounded away through morning sitting at Mines Regulation Bill; Counted Out when met again at Nine o'clock. A great day this for British Constitution.

Business done.—Got home early.

A PHENOMENON.—"Dat little JOSEPH" HOPPMANN is a wonderful boy. He is always playing—happy child!—and yet when he is playing he is working.

DUMB CRAMBO AT HENLEY.



Taking a Run on the Bank.



HONOUR TO AGNETA FRANCES RAMSAY!
(CAMBRIDGE, JUNE, 1887.)

WHAT THEY ALL THINK OF IT.

Justin McCarthy.—Just been proposed to me that I should take "Titular Leadership of Irish Party in House of Commons!" PARNELL (whose health we all hope to see improve) wishes it, it appears. Feel utterly staggered by suggestion. Proud position, no doubt, but still—am I the sort of person to lead TANNER, TIM HEALY, SEXTON, T. P. O'CONNOR, not to mention MICHAEL DAVITT, and the rest of the "boys" outside Parliament. And what does "titular" leader mean? Strikes me the word is suspicious. PARNELL says, "I should make such a respectable figure-head." Query—is this complimentary or the reverse? I am sure it's meant to be flattering, but somehow it doesn't sound so. Then if I accepted position, it would be positively necessary that I should do something which would force Authorities to put me in prison, as this is a sine quâ non for obtaining confidence of Irish people. Question is, what is the very mildest illegal act for which Government would be safe to look me up? Might arrange matter amicably with BALFOUR, perhaps. Awkward if he refused me ink and paper in Kilmainham. Where would my novels be then? Yet Kilmainham would certainly give me some useful "local colour." Yes, but then if I had to go a tour like O'BRIEN first, might get the local colour somewhere else—all over my body, for example. On the whole think I'm like lamented IDESLEIGH—haven't sufficient "go," —would rather write History than make it, any day of the week.

Davitt.—Not good at game of "follow my leader," under any circumstances. Now PARNELL's shelled, think I might take his place, out of Parliament. Circumstances of course prevent my being leader in Parliament. Besides, I am so volatile—violent, I mean, and can't help breaking out now and then; and that would be awkward for G.O.M. Perhaps on the whole JUSTIN's the man. HEALY's name is TIM, which is fatal for a leader.

Dillon.—As disinterested Patriot, of course don't care twopenny about Leadership. Still, PARNELL might have asked me, I think. Does he forget how often I've led the Forty Thieves—I mean Forty Members, necessary to support motion for adjournment? Not sure, though, if it isn't more comfortable to be the "BAYARD of the

GARDEN, LANE, AND MARKET.

THE Jubilee Week was a bad one for Theatres and Operas. At Covent Garden there was another splendid performance of *Un Ballo in Maschera*. Quality was present, Quantity was absent. Enthusiasm great. Signor GAYARRÉ first-rate, and Mme. VALINA charming. Mme. SCALCHI could not appear, but she had an excellent substitute. In the Operatic Record of the Season, the Garden is still to the front.

At the Lane AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS leads his hosts with undefeated energy. So much for his hosts, but how about his guests? Well, they did not care much about his "Prima Donna Drammatica," and wished that she were more of the Prima Donna, and less of the Drammatica.

Then the weather being warmer, Mr. HARRIS brought out *Norma*;

in which Miss ENGLE (is she Engle-ish?) was very nice as *Adalgisa*, and her pretty face quite explained Pollio's little flirtation. In *Don Giovanni* the HAUK as *Zerlina*, came out as the Nightingale. Mlle. ARNOLDSON appeared as *Rosina* in *Il Barbiere*, and, if she is not yet a JENNY LIND or an ADELINA PATTI, she is, at all events, *The success of the Drury Lane Season*. She has everything in her favour, especially youth. May we have an Italian Opera House next year with Mlle. ARNOLDSON as one of the principals. Mr. Punch welcomes her, and thinks that she will obtain the ear and voice of the public; not of course in exchange for her own.

Les Huguenots was given at Covent Garden on Saturday. GAYARRÉ superb in *Duel Scene*; SCALCHI said appropriately, "No, No, No, No, NO!" to an enthusiastic encore; ELLA RUSSELL, as *Margherita di Valois*, electrified the audience with a high note; there never was a better *Conte di Nevera* than DEVOYD; Mlle. SANDRA was nervous as *Valentina*; and (here comes poetry) CAMPELLO as *Marcello*, wasn't good, but didn't bellow. BEVIGNANI's band and chorus excellent, and MUSIC HALL, with a *buttonholia gladstonensis* in his coat, beamed on Royalty and a brilliant house.

The same evening, AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS was very much to the front,—"called" vociferously—with his Walpurgis' Night Ballet in *Faust*. Mr. IRVING was there to assist, if necessary.

At Her Majesty's, revival of *The Colonel*—(MAPLESON). PATTI is announced for next Friday. She's a dear creature, a very dear creature. Still, if she "draws" as well as she sings, the piper may be satisfactorily paid.

League," than Leader;—it would be yard on me, to expect me to cut my hair and to cultivate compromise! McCARTHY an inoffensive fellow. Much better than HEALY. Yes, decidedly—"Aut Justin, aut nullus."

T. P. O'Connor.—It strikes me PARNELL has forgotten my services to the Party; how I won 'em a seat at Liverpool, for instance. Feel I'm cut out for a revolutionary leader. Don't mind what I say, and not much what I do. JUSTIN not the only man in the world who can write books. Would back my Gladstone's *Parliament* against his inflated *History of Our Own Times*, any day, both for style and accuracy. Fancy a Novelist at head of Clan-na-Gael! Still, better to have him than that bellowing bull, TANNER, or that straw-splitting limb of the law, HEALY. PARNELL says that JUSTIN "divides the least." Yes, but oughtn't Nationalist leader in Parlia to "divide" the most?

Tim Healy.—Ridiculous to think of "T. P." as my leader! Don't mind JUSTIN, at least not so much, but there's something blatant and even vulgar about the other one. In fact can't think what PARNELL's about if he does not recommend me for Leadership. Haven't I fought Crimes Bill inch by inch? Who's got so much legal—or perhaps I ought to say illegal—acumen as I? Can't help being called Tim; besides, it's a Biblical name, and ought to command me to hierarchy. Think I've a real gift for leading. So had PARNELL—it was thirty thousand in his case, I remember—mustn't say this to anybody, however.

Dr. Tanner.—Nobody seems to have thought of me to succeed PARNELL. Yet nothing succeeds like success, and I flatter myself I've gained a unique reputation in House for language that would disgrace a bargee. HEALY! A quibbling pottifogger. SEXTON! A rhetorical prig. T. P. O'CONNOR! Feeble imitator of my style. As for JUSTIN—well, he's less objectionable than rest, perhaps; but didn't he write *History of Our Own Times*. Never read the book, but strikes me a Nationalist who would act as chronicler of that blood-thirsty British organ is out of the running for leading Patriots. If it had been a "History of our own P.M.G." now, that would have been different.



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